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VOLUME XLIV. CHICAGO, JANUARY 4, 1900. NUMBER 19

History Interpreting Lives.

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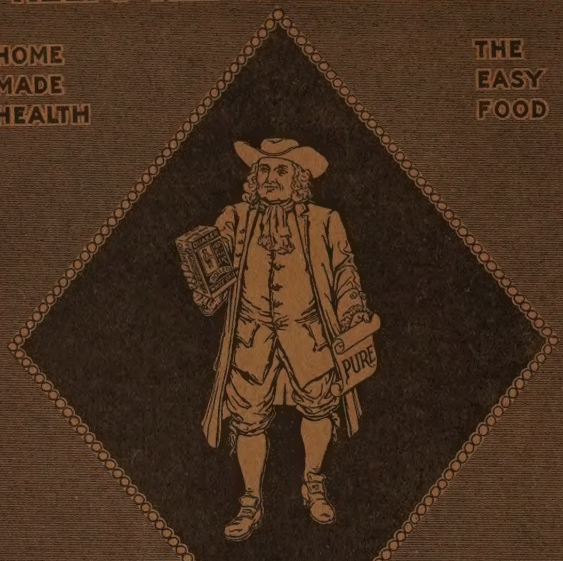

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UNITY

VOLUME XLIV. THURSDAY, JANUARY 4, 1900. NUMBER 19

Farewell to the Eighteen Hundreds! Hail to the Nineteen Hundreds!

The Vision of the Nineteenth Century.

THERE came a man, one among many more,
But he came first with iron on his limbs.
And when the bell tolled, and the people prayed,
And I stood pausing,—then he looked at me.
O Silva, such a man! I thought he rose
From the dark place of long-imprisoned souls,
To say that Christ had never come to them.
It was a look to shame a seraph's joy
And make him sad in heaven.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Father, I choose! I will not take a heaven
Haunted by shrieks of far-off misery.
This deed and I have ripened with the hours;
It is a part of me. * * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * I can never shrink
Back into bliss,—my heart has grown too big
With things that might be.

—*George Eliot in Spanish Gypsy.*

The Mission of the Twentieth Century.

For four hundred years the human race has not made a step but what has left its plain vestige behind. We enter now upon great centuries. The sixteenth century will be known as the age of painters, the seventeenth will be termed the age of writers, the eighteenth the age of philosophers, the nineteenth the age of apostles and prophets. To satisfy the nineteenth century, it is necessary to be the painter of the sixteenth, the writer of the seventeenth, the philosopher of the eighteenth; it is also necessary, like Louis Blanc, to have the innate and holy love of humanity, which constitutes an apostolate, and opens up a prophetic vista into the future. In the twentieth century war will be dead, the scaffold will be dead, animosity will be dead, royalty will be dead, and dogmas will be dead; but Man will live. For all there will be but one country—that country the whole earth; for all there will be but one hope—that hope the whole heaven.

All hail, then, to that noble twentieth century which shall own our children, and which our children shall inherit.

The great question of the day is the question of labor. The political question is solved. The Republic is made, and nothing can unmake it. The social question remains. Terrible as it is, it is quite simple; it is a question between those who have, and those who have not. The latter of these two classes must disappear, and for this there is work enough. Think a moment! Man is beginning to be master of the earth. If you want to cut through an isthmus, you have a Lesseps; if you want to create a sea, you have a Roudaire. Look you, there is a people and there is a world; and yet the people have no inheritance, and the world is a desert. Give them to each other, and you make them happy at once. Astonish the universe by heroic deeds that are better than wars. Does the world want conquering? No, it is yours already; it is the property of civilization; it is already waiting for you; no one disputes your title!

Have faith, then; and let us realize our equality as citizens, our fraternity as men, our liberty in intellectual power. Let us love not only those who love us, but those who love us not. Let us learn to wish to benefit all men. Then everything will be changed; truth will reveal itself; the beautiful will arise; the supreme law will be fulfilled, and the world shall enter upon a perpetual fête day. I say, therefore, have faith! . . . "*Labor is life, and thought is light.*"—VICTOR HUGO.

We suspend this week the publication of the proceedings of the Mid-Continent Congress, the second session of which occupied the pages of our last issue, in order to give room for the sermon which says with the looseness of the pulpit what, did circumstances permit, we would be glad to say in the more compact form that should characterize the editorial.

The lovers of Wordsworth have just been celebrating the hundredth anniversary of his settlement at Dove Cottage, the home wherein perhaps was wrought the largest part of the serene poet's work. Stopford Brooke, as quoted by an English exchange, has recently said, "There is no greater object lesson of the truth that the strength of life rests in simplicity and quiet obedience to duty, than Dove Cottage and Wordsworth's life in it."

"The Growth in Unspirituality," is the significant title of an essay in John Hooker's recent book entitled "Some Reminiscences of a Long Life," in which occurs a searching passage, which has timely application to many of our would-be prosperous, moral, respectable men and women of today. "How we would struggle to preserve our natural faculties if we found ourselves in danger of losing them, and what would the loss of them be, by the side of the loss of our spiritual faculties? A faculty used and cultivated grows, but a faculty not used shrinks and perhaps disappears."

The great triumphs of the world are undemonstrative even at the time of their conquests. For over eight years in the face of natural and political difficulties, riding over skeptics and corruptionists, Chicago has been working out its marvelous scheme for better sewerage and purer water. On the first working day of the new year the great drainage canal was opened. Thirty-three million dollars of money and the combinations of the highest results of all the practical sciences have been invested. As we write the great ditch, twenty-eight miles long, connecting the Gulf of Mexico with the great lakes, is filling with water. It is too soon to speak of results; it is enough that the canal is open and working, to quicken the interest of our readers to lead them to watch for the results physical and spiritual. Here is a text for our preachers. Let all the preachers who read UNITY at least preach "A Sermon of the Chicago Drainage Canal" before the surprise is forgotten and the original facts have escaped.

In welcoming the New Year let us not forget the treasures which the Old Year has borne away never to return. The heroic death of Major Logan and General Lawton may well remind us of other heroes fallen less dramatically in the interest of the high things and the lasting things. In literature, Emile Erckmann of France, the literary partner of Chatrain; this quaint company of authors have added immeasurably to the pleasure of thousands. In America the humbler representatives of the same class of helpers are Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, Robert Bonner, and Horatio Alger, the great writer for boys; in England, Florence Marryat. In science we have lost Grant Allen, Daniel G. Brinton, Dr. Edward Orton and Elliott Coues. The first the happy expositor of evolution to the many; the second the great American ethnologist; the third the interpreter of the rocks, a great American geologist; the fourth the friend and interpreter of the birds. In death we may couple together without indignity to either the names of Robert Ingersoll and Dwight L. Moody. In this longer perspective of eternity they hold more in common than in difference. Both loved their fellow men, both believed in love more than in hate, both sought to ameliorate the woes of life and both hoped for greater benignity to the human soul in the future and worked for a great destiny for the human race. To think of the noble dead of 1899 will help us to a noble life in 1900.

Another minister has been compelled to step down and out from a pulpit, which he filled, and from a work that was congenial to him, and helpful to his people in the interest of intellectual integrity. He had outgrown the creed that laid back of his work. He had to leave because, as he said, "I cannot believe against the truths which history, science, and reason reveal, and I want to be honest with myself and my friends, and above all I prize a clear conscience." This time it is Rev. W. C. Haskell, pastor of the Second Congregational Church of Rockford, Ill. A man well-known in the Congregationalist fraternity, whose preaching has commanded attention at Peoria, Chicago, and elsewhere. It is deplorable that these tragedies of the brain must continue. Is it not time that the makers of public opinion, and the framers of theological creeds should see to it that religious organizations be not deprived of the services of their best leaders because the high thinking of today is handcuffed by the high thinking of mediaeval centuries? UNITY extends to Mr. Haskell hearty fellowship, and to the Congregational Church of Rockford its sympathy over the loss of a beloved pastor. We pray his parishoners to follow in his footsteps. Let them hasten to bring up the Society where growth in thought in the pulpit will not necessitate migration on the part of the preacher. Farther down the line the Church may overtake the pastor, and then perhaps there will be re-installation and a new dedication.

One of the unique achievements of Chicago during the last month was a dramatic entertainment presented on the stage of the new Hull House Hall. It consisted of a presentation of Homer's "Odyssey" by some native Greeks under the direction of Miss Mabel Barrows of Boston. Miss Barrows had already made for herself a reputation among college men in this reproduction of the old life, customs and character presented in the deathless classic. But this is the first time that she ever attempted to do it with those who were in the line of descent and who claimed to be using not only the language but essentially the pronunciation, accent and inflection of the old Greeks. For three nights these clever Greek citizens of Chicago attracted large audiences from the educational and other culture centers of the city, the entertainment pleasing both the newsboys and the professors. Poetry is a great leveler and culture is cosmopolitan.

It is reported that there is an excavating machine at work boring a Chicago sewer forty feet below ground, as fast as three gangs of bricklayers can lay the brick. The machine moves itself forward as the excavation is finished, carries away the earth and dumps it on the outside. Five men accomplish the task of a hundred men with pick and shovel. The initial cost of the machine is said to be forty-five thousand dollars and still its saving is enormous. Here is the social problem in a nutshell. The machine has come to stay. The man with the shovel is here to stay also. He is willing to work as before. It is the task of the economist to reconcile the one to the other, profit by the machine and still save the man. Is this a hopeless problem? It cannot be that the mind that can adjust a machine to its physical task is unable to adjust it to its human and spiritual environment.

The Chicago University has had another "convocation." For once President Harper failed to surprise the audience with startling announcements of mountainous contributions! Instead he had to frankly confess that the two million donation of Rockefeller, conditioned upon the raising of another two million in Chicago, could not be claimed, but Mr. Rockefeller had telegraphed an extension of three months' time. During these three months the redoubtable President assured the large audience that the necessary $315,303 "and more" will be forthcoming. Notwithstanding this disappointment, the president proceeded to read a long list of "promises" and "contributions" which would have scored magnificent triumphs for almost any other institution in America. The exhibit of the President was one continuous, exultant demonstration of the growth of this institution which is the pride of Chicago and sometimes it would seem to be the menace to Chicago's interest in many other high things for a university as a fad is as dangerous as any other fad. Great generosity in this one direction does not excuse stinginess elsewhere. The city's intellectual and spiritual needs are not all met by one triumph even though it be a noble one and millions of money and multitudes of students do not make a great educational center. Dr. Harper is laying magnificent foundations upon which it will be the privilege of the coming years to rear a mighty superstructure. The real event of this convocation was the address of

President Hadley of Yale, who spoke on "Our Standards of Political Morality." With academic clearness he showed how much lower our standards of political morality are than those of our personal morality, and how dangerous this inconsistency is to the individual and the state. President Hadley did not push his searching arguments into the details, but the arraignment was clear and the remedy clearly stated. Altogether it was a noble utterance. This itinerary of the President of Yale University through our western centers, reaching from Cleveland to Denver, is high missionary work in the interest of that culture that is religious and that religion that is cultivated.

The Reinstatement of the Minister.

Among the high tasks which await the twentieth century perhaps no one is more difficult, exalted and imperative than that of reinstating the minister to that position of public confidence, civic influence, social and moral leadership which once characterized his position in the Protestant world and which still possibly represents his power in the Catholic and Jewish fellowships of Europe and America. Avoid or explain it as we will the fact remains that the minister in the aggregate no longer leads the community he represents as he once did; and the attendant fact is necessarily true, that the church does not enlist the best brain, the largest generosity and the commanding attention in the lives of men and women which it once did. All this in the face of the other indisputable fact that the interest in ethics, the passion for justice and the study and admiration of the great religious movements, men and classics are steadily on the increase.

We venture to believe that this task of reinstating the minister will be accomplished and we base our belief on the fundamental facts of the spiritual life, the permanent interests of the soul in the imponderable verities, the ever growing spirituality of what we call modern science and the conscious direct quest in these directions by the great educators of our day.

The divinity school is once more commanding the attention of the best thinkers of our time. The recent utterances of Doctors Hadley, Harper, Hyde and Tucker, Presidents of Yale, University of Chicago, Bowdoin and Dartmouth, are suggestive and typical.

In this reinstatement of the minister it would seem as though the universities must lead along some such lines as these:

1. They must vouchsafe to the student the same liberty of thought, freedom of expression and encouragement to original research and independent conclusion as are vouchsafed to him in the other departments of study. If the virile men are to be held to the ministry there must be the same recognition of their virility. Their moral earnestness must be allowed to make common cause with their intellectual alertness. The highest universities can never make ministers of the best of its students after a preconceived pattern or according to a previous order.

2. The minister must be trained to the high executive problems that belong to the church that represents primarily the corporate needs of the community which it serves rather than the missionary interests of a denomination to which it belongs. The church must become institutionalized morality, an industry for the manufacture of righteousness, for the distribution of justice. It must become a clearing house of the good intentions of its members. In other words, it must become an open church in which the pulpit will be one, albeit the central, activity and the minister while never neglecting the sermon must preach that he and his listeners may more clearly grasp the tasks in hand.

The existing studies in the curriculum of the divinity school will all remain, but some of them will be greatly condensed in time and space when the dogmatic and doctrinal results are matters of unconcern, conditioned only by the standards of honesty and ability that measure all academic study. But there must be many new studies introduced and fresh lines of study and reading encouraged that the change of emphasis from theology to sociology, from the next world to this, from denominationalism to the new catholicism, may be made apparent. The old chairs of "homiletics" and "pastoral care," the sleeping cars with beds made down in the old theological train, must give place to professorships in spiritual pedagogy, soul studies, patterned after what is now known among teachers as "child study." How to reach and develop not only the better forces in individual men and women, but in the country as a whole not through one but through the many avenues and professorships of "applied ethics" where religious laboratory work will be done, students will have the benefit of spiritual "clinics" so that when they are through their studies they will be recognized as those prepared for leadership, skilled and trained to the executive work of the higher kind.

There is nothing original, still less revolutionary in these directions; they but represent tendencies already felt, reforms already recognized and movements which it is the business of the new year and the new century to heighten and strengthen.

However this is done, it is for colleges and college men to recognize that what Matthew Arnold said of the Bible is emphatically true of the churches in America today, society cannot get along without them and society can not much longer get along with them as they now are, distracted by sectarian rivalries, denominational overlappings, theological timidity and credal entanglements. The nineteenth century was a century of analysis in the academic world; maybe the twentieth century will give itself to the synthesis that must follow analysis if the analysis is to be justified.

Since writing the above the Atlantic Monthly for January, containing Dr. William DeWitt Hyde's article entitled "Reform in Theological Education" has come to our table. President Hyde's article is a sunclear statement of the situation, and the reforms vaguely hinted at in the above editorial are stated with much more clearness and the argument for the same presented with fearless directness in this timely article in Boston's great monthly. If one is seeking an opportunity of doing great missionary work with a little money let him cause this article of the President of Bowdoin college to be placed on the table of all the Protestant ministers of America, with an extra supply for the reading rooms of all the theological seminaries in the country. It will do something towards modifying the old minister. It will do much towards shaping the ideals and determining the training of the new minister.

Good Poetry.

What is to Come.

What is to come we know not. But we know
That what has been was good—was good to show,
Better to hide, and best of all to bear.
We are the masters of the days that were.
We have lived, we have loved, we have suffered, ...
even so.

Shall we not take the ebb who had the flow?
Life was our friend. Now, if it be our foe—
Dear, though it spoil and break us! need we care
What is to come?

Let the great winds their worst and wildest blow,
Or the gold weather round us mellow slow;
We have fulfilled ourselves, and we can dare
And we can conquer, though we may not share
In the rich quiet of the afterglow
What is to come.

William Q. Henley.

Hester.

When maidens such as Hester die
Their place ye may not well supply,
Though ye among a thousand try
With vain endeavour.
A month or more hath she been dead,
Yet cannot I by force be led
To think upon the wormy bed
And her together.

A springy motion in her gait,
A rising step, did indicate
Of pride and joy no common rate
That flush'd her spirit;
I know not by what name beside
I shall it call: if 'twas not pride,
It was a joy to that allied
She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule
Which doth the human feeling cool;
But she was train'd in Nature's school
Nature had blest her.
A waking eye, a prying mind,
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind;
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind,
Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbour! gone before
To that unknown and silent shore,
Shall we not meet, as heretofore
Some summer morning—
When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,
A bliss that would not go away,
A sweet fore-warning?

Charles Lamb.

The Secret of a Happy Day.

Just to let the Father do
What he will;
Just to know that he is true
And be still.
Just to follow hour by hour
As he leadeth;
Just to draw the moment's power
As it needeth.
Just to trust him, that is all;
Then the day will surely be
Peaceful, whatsoe'er befall,
Bright and blessed, calm and free.

Just to leave in his dear hand
Little things,
All we cannot understand,
All that stings.
Just to let him take the care
Sorely pressing;
Finding all we let him bear
Changed to blessing.
This is all! and yet the way
Marked by him who loves thee best;
Secret of a happy day,
Secret of his promised rest.

Frances Ridley Havergal.

The Pulpit.

The Old Year Eighteen Hundred Ninety-Nine.

A Sermon by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Preached in All Souls Church, Chicago, December 31, 1899.

The habit of thirty years is hard to break and so for this reason if no other I come to you this morning with my annual invoice, a trial balance sheet of the spiritual transactions of Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-Nine, though here, as in so many other fields, your morning paper seems to make the task unnecessary. Content will I be if I succeed in adding to the objective exhibit given you in the morning papers so much of a subjective emphasis of my own as may enable you to read with more interest the things that come to your door. For it is one thing to pay a nickel for the Sunday morning paper that contains a more or less carefully prepared story of the world's career during the last twelve months, and it is quite another thing to carefully read the same after you have bought it, to read it with the open mind. It is still a third thing to brood over what you read, give it to the mind to work upon, adjust and assimilate so that it may strengthen, enlarge and refine that spirit for which you claim immortality and to which you dare ascribe divine relationship.

The best any of us can do for another is to give ourselves, indeed, in the last analysis that is the only thing we have to give for all else is but borrowed, perhaps stolen goods, to which we have but slight title and that title we may not be able to transfer.

And so I report this morning only of that which has come within my range and vision, passed through my hands and in some vital way touched my life.

Perhaps the most profound estimate of the year's work is that based upon its literary output. Printing has well been called "the art preservative;" that it is preeminently. The most lasting thing that humanity deals in are words, transient as they seem, they outlast temples, palaces, kingdoms, races. The growth of the printing press has kept pace with the wildest growth of human industry. The stream of printers' ink steadily broadens and deepens, bearing as it does in its turbid tide so much of crudity, veniality, superstition and nonsense, it still flows, let us believe, for "the healing of the nations."

It is a gratification to me to speak of the books that have passed through my hand and under my eye and into my mind the last year, for in so doing I reveal to you one source of my inspiration and at the same time confess to you in all frankness the secondary quality of much of my message, the borrowed character of many of my words. Be that as it may, here are some of the books that in their issuance from the press of Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-Nine have lodged upon my table, attracted my attention, enlisted my study and cheered me in my work. Perhaps the mention of them may help some of them to find their way into your lives as they did into mine.

BOOKS MADE TO DIE.

This is a pathetic list, however attractive it may be. Things made to sell. There is a vast army of men, women and children engaged in making books that will speedily attract and as speedily disgust us, that will be promptly thrown aside and others bought to take their place, and still it was a profound philosopher who said:

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men."

Many of these books are made in the name of the children, ostensibly for children, but I fear it is the children of older growth that most buy, and perhaps, most appreciate these books. As the sample of the better type of this kind of thing on the children's side are three books issued by the Small & Maynard press. The first, "In Case of Need This May Come Handy," however clever the grotesqueness may be, is a book that it would have been better if it never had been born; certainly coarseness, rowdyism, vulgarity and intemperance can scarcely be ameliorated by even clever caricature. The capital invested had better be spent elsewhere. Perhaps Oliver Herford's "Alphabet of Celebrities" comes within the grade of "justifiable" on account of the higher skill and the caricature that is so clever that it characterizes. The best of the three is John B. Tabb's "Child Verses." Here one with the true poet touch lends his genius to those who would fain find help in the difficult task of relaxing the "o'er strung bow." Father Tabb is a Catholic priest, a teacher in Baltimore, whose "Poems," "Lyrics" and "Octave to Mary" have already commanded the admiration of the competent and enlisted the love of many thousands. Although these verses were sung to borrowed children they still deserve a place close to the matchless lines of Eugene Field, the poet laureate of the nursery. Perhaps the merry priest meant slily to inject a lesson into the mother's mind in this rhyme of the "Close Quarters":

"Little toe, big toe, three toes between,
All in a painted shoe!
Never was narrower forecastle seen
Nor so little room for the crew."

In some of the closing pages he lifts child and adult into the simple devoutness that has ever made the Catholic church a sacred vestibule to the church universal, as in this "Out of Bounds":

"A little Boy, of heavenly birth,
But far from home today,
Comes down to find His ball, the Earth,
That Sin has cast away.
O, comrades, let us one and all
Join in to get Him back His ball."

The next still more playfully glides out of playfulness into sweetness and reverence: "The Child On Calvary":

"The Cross is tall,
And I too small
To reach His hand
Or touch His feet;
But on the sand
His footprints I have found,
And it is sweet
To kiss the holy ground."

In the world of books as in nature's realm, "beauty is its own excuse for being," and we must rejoice in every attempt to bring back to the art of printing the beauty of its earlier days which it early lost and never yet has recovered. This art struck twelve at its infancy. The commercial and mechanical spirit that laid hold of it has degraded its forms; so we rejoice in such attempts to make beautiful books as is represented by the William Morris press in England and the Roycroft press in America. The high art of bookbinding by a prophetic coincidence in this city finds a headquarters in the Hull House, one more straw that indicates that the stream of democracy is some day to be the stream beautiful. William Morris, the art printer of England, "the idle singer of an empty day," was also the great humanitarian, the friend of the laboring man, the leader of the higher socialism.

Any one who has watched the output of the American publishers this last year must have noticed the progress made in the direction of the beautiful with an ever increasing skill in the use of the lens. There is every reason to hope that books will become more and more beautiful, rich in their illustrations as well as embellishments. As an indication of what we may expect, as a sign of the times, it is enough to note Clifton Johnson's "Among English Hedgerows" from the Macmillan press, and "The Historic Towns of the Middle States," by Lyman P. Powell, from the G. P. Putnam's Sons' press, both of them books that will win the mind through the eye and the touch.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

"Beware of juvenile literature" is a safe warning to parents. The attractive binding, the facile story, the energy of the publisher, all add power to the vicious temptation. Alas for the child that grows up on "children's books" when he ought to have been fed on books. The great minds of the world have been fed upon the great literature of the world and they are best trained who never can tell when their interest in permanent literature began. But inasmuch as there are better and worse books in this wide and shallow realm of "children's literature," it is encouraging to note the recognition of this danger among our textbook makers. I am not at all sure how far it is wise to try to write down to children's comprehension the great world classics, but certainly if this thing is to be done at all we can but rejoice that it is being done so well as James Baldwin has done it for "Old Greek Stories," "Old Stories of the East" for third grade readers. H. A. Guerber has done the same with the story of "The Chosen People," a more difficult and questionable task, but it is well done. There is less doubt about the admirable reading book on "The American Indians" for children, with its suggestive illustrations, by our own Professor Frederick Starr; also the delightful "Stories of Indiana," prepared by Maurice Thompson. All these books perhaps will be most appreciated by children over thirty years of age, and it would be well if our school-book publishers could find the larger constituency that awaits them outside of the school room. "The Young Citizen," by Charles F. Dole, is a book written for children but needed by men. The study of this or something like it might well be made the condition of suffrage. Its circulation by the hundred thousands before every great election would do much towards breaking the partisan bonds that holds so many in slavery, and give patriots their freedom. Hamlin Garland has told a good story of "Boy Life on the Prairie," but has left out much of what ought to go in. He has missed some of the more tender shadings, the gentle leadings, the devout emotions that were a part of the culture of thousands of the pioneer boys of the west. William Drysdale's "Helps for Ambitious Boys" and Elbridge S. Brooke's "Historic Americans" belong to the class of thought breeding and life stimulating books that ought to be widely circulated in our public libraries.

BOOKS OF GEOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

It is the one task of each year to add to the appreciation of the years gone by. Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-Nine has given us a new and a more just estimate of the grim philosopher, Thomas Carlyle, for in the beautiful "Letters" to his youngest sister he is no longer grim, but the gentle, thoughtful, loving, even playful good brother, dear son and cosseting uncle. This new volume of "Letters" ought to prove a new introduction to "Sartor Resartus" and the great essays. Still too meager is the biographical matter available to the English reader concerning Victor Hugo, the great heart, the great prophet of the nineteenth century. But the volume of "Memoirs" just published makes us love him still more as we catch

glimpses of him through his own diary and see him taking his first sips at the Shakespeare fountain which in later life brought to him such intoxications while a king was being crowned. And again we see him "broken with grief and weariness," as he lay prostrate upon the casket that contained the body of the brave son whose life was wrecked by the terrible year of the Franco-Prussian siege of Paris. "The Memoirs of Victor Hugo" is a book not to be omitted.

The love life of the human soul is too sacred for public display; beautiful as are "The Love Letters of Robert and Elizabeth Browning" and great as is the enjoyment that comes from the reading of them, I am not yet reconciled to their publication. This holy Godiva of love should not be compelled to ride naked through the public streets of Coventry, and let him who reads them beware of the fate of "peeping Tom," Perhaps the "Reminiscences and Recollections of Bishop Whipple of Minnesota" will not receive a very wide reading outside of that large and loving fellowship that has been led by his gentle hands into paths of peace and pleasantness, but it deserves to be read far beyond the boundaries of the Episcopal church, for it is the story of a modern saint; it shows what a humane life may accomplish among rough, rude and barbarous men. His loyalty to the gospel he professed, his skill and courage in applying the same to the needs and the rights of the hunted red man and the despised and whipped black man is a story of as high a devotion and far more benignant outcome as that which belongs to the most famous of the crusaders.

And still they come. The annual contribution to the Lincoln literature. This year it is Hapgood's "Life," welcome because it is one more, and it will find one more set of readers. But in its very effort to be truthful with the obscurities that settle around his origin, birth and early manhood, he may have marred the perspective and lost the larger vision. Better and worse books on Abraham Lincoln have been written, but no bad book has ever been or can ever be written upon such a high theme. The advice of previous years holds in my judgment: "Buy everything pertaining to Abraham Lincoln and having bought, read and ponder." In this list appears three other little Lincoln books exceedingly desirable. A little handful of "Best Lincoln Stories," compiled by J. E. Gallaher, of Chicago; Bliss Perry has gathered five of Lincoln's great utterances with some selections from his letters into a little book which you can get for thirty cents in "The Little Masterpieces" series; and perhaps the most valuable Lincoln output of the year is a modest collection of the Lincoln poems, with an introduction, published in Boston. Here we find eighteen of the most noble poems to Lincoln, and still every Lincoln student will miss some favorite lines. This is a book to grow year by year. It should have a directory to the poems that may not deserve a place here but do belong in the Lincoln treasures. He who has an appetite for little books of high quality will turn to the Beacon Biographies that are coming from the new publishing house of Small & Maynard, Boston. "Frederick Douglass," "John Brown" and "Phillips Brooks" are in the list. If war is to be studied let it be studied in the lives of its greatest captains. General Sherman, Grant's right hand, finds a biographer in General Manning F. Force, the hero of Altoona. Elbert Hubbard has given us the fifth volume of his "Little Journeys," this time it is "To the Homes of Eminent Painters," twelve of them reaching from Angelo to Dore. I know of no place to look for such satisfactory short meter biographies of the great and the good as in this series. Sidney Lanier is still a growing quantity in American literature, and an increasing personality. Those who loved him before will love him the more, and many who knew him not before will learn to love him now through the volume of his "Letters" that has come to us this year.

This has been a reminiscent year in American literature. Edward Everett Hale, Colonel Higginson, Julia Ward Howe and others have been gathering in their ripened sheaves of memory which gives the indirect story of the noblest living and highest thinking of our country. Chadwick has told the story of Sally Holley, the brave anti-slavery woman. John Hooker, better known perhaps as the husband of Isabella Beecher Hooker, but a character well worth knowing on his own account, has in his "Reminiscences of a Long Life" given us glimpses into Connecticut history. The lamented Aaron M. Powell, the noble Quaker, who with his wife stood for all kinds of freedom and nobility, especially in his later years for social purity, who died last May, yields us a volume largely from his own pen, though published after his death, which, like John Hooker's book, furnishes the raw material out of which the subsequent history of their generation will be made.

FICTION.

If this has been a great year in fiction it has not been my privilege to follow it. "Richard Carvel" and "Peter Sterling," the popular American novels, I have not read, nor have I read the "Bronze Buddha." "They That Walk in Darkness," by Zangwill; Ralph Connor's "Black Rock," or any of the other novels that have commanded the attention of the expert critics and have justified their existence by their sales. But I have read Beatrice Harraden's "The Fowler," a book that shows the same nervous touch, penetrating insight and fresh originality as were displayed in "The Ships That Pass in the Night." It is the subtle revelation of the power of a fell spirit, the blinding influence of a cynic that desecrates the soul and deflowers the heart, more dangerous, more pernicious and far more prevalent, I fear, than the coarser seductions of passion. It is a book that is a warning to men and women who are lured by the false lights of so-called society. I have also read with great interest Adelina Cohnfeldt Lust's "A Tent of Grace," a story showing crudities, but full of strength, revealing to our surprise and disappointment how much there still remains of that wickedest of Christian sins, the depravity of the European and American social world known as anti-Semitism, the blind prejudice against the Jews. I have also read with satisfaction Marion Crawford's last book, "Via Crucis," a simple, useful, strong romance of history, full of foreign color and antique life, leading us to realize that the "way of the cross" is ever the way to peace and strength, but that the road hither was one thing in the twelfth century and must be quite another thing in the twentieth century. Last among the novels I am not ashamed to confess that I have read is "David Harum," and have rejoiced in it. I seek not the culture that would render me restless under its simple charm and rustic power. And again I rejoice that the fiction that has gone the farthest and has reached the unparalleled sale that climbs up into the millions is Sheldon's "In His Steps," the preaching story of a Kansas minister. A few weeks ago I sought with you the secret of the success of that story. The other day I was in Topeka and I investigated the problem further. I sought and found his workshop, a modest little knock-down church on the outskirts of the town, with a trundle-bed interior like our own, to be made down at night and made up in the morning. I found the colored janitor sweeping the floor which had been cleared of settees and chairs for some weekday work. My guide hither had told me that Sheldon was a man who believed what he said and was respected as such in the city; that he was revolutionizing "Tennessee Town," a colored suburb, and the colored janitor regretted that

Mr. Sheldon was out of town, because, he said, "you ought to see him; he is one of the finest gentlemen in the city. Aye," he said, with cumulative evidence, "in the world. He is white all the way from his feet up. He wants to go to heaven and he ain't going to let no black man stand in his way when he gets to the gate so he treats all alike here, black and white."

"He will not have to go to heaven," I said, " he is already there."

"Sure," was the response, "he done got there long ago."

It is well that the world should be mindful of excellence and that it is still hungry for a little sincerity and nobility in religion.

POETRY.

Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-Nine has not been a good year for poets. "Alas for the wars no poet sings," and alas for the public sentiment that distrusts the poet's vision and is restive under the prophet's message. The year has brought to this country a new, enlarged and available edition of William Watson's poetry, the latest poetic voice over the sea that sings the songs of freedom and democracy. One more thin little volume of the high poetry of the gentle, clear, noble and strong E. R. Sill has been given us this year. And Edwin Markham has revealed himself to the larger public. The same causes that made "In His Steps" the greatest selling novel of the year have made "The Man With the Hoe," the one and only noted poem of the year. So far as I know all the other books of poetry are experimental; their place is tentative and most of them perhaps are doomed to die within the limits of the first edition. Bliss Carman's "Winter Holiday" and George Edward Woodberry's "Wild Eden" may have come into American literature to stay.

Charles Keeler's "Season of Sowing," J. W. Scholl's "The Light Bearer of Liberty," Perry Marshall's "Launching and Landing" and Grace Ellery Channing's "Sea Drift" are among the books of poetry that command our sympathy for the thought they bear whatever the final decision may be concerning the form. They represent the effort of the liberal faith to sing itself into the hearts of men. Lewis E. Gates' "Three Studies in Literature," viz.: Francis Jeffrey, Newman and Matthew Arnold, Annie Russell Marvel's "Nature Pictures by American Poets," and William M. Salter's two addresses on Walt Whitman are helps to the understanding of poetry, to be welcomed. Emerson says: "Next to the writing of a great sentence lies the honor of discovering it." Such honor belongs to John Monroe Dana, who, in a book entitled "The Wider View: A Search for Truth," shows how far this honey bee has flown, bringing back from many climes and fields the sweetest of the honey. Mr. Dana has gleaned in the field dear to this constituency and given us a book that not only is to the hand of the liberal, but what is much better, a book that will make liberals, so ameliorating is wisdom, so universal is helpfulness. "Nuggets," philosophical, patriotic, educational, represent the little books on large subjects that fit into the vest pocket of the traveler and into the needs of busy men and women.

BIBLE STUDIES.

Never in the history of All Souls Church have we done as much Bible work as this year. Never in our history has there seemed to be more interest, more life among Bible scholars. I need only try to condense what I have already said concerning the riches in this direction: Two volumes more of the Polychrome Bible has offered. Montefiore's Part II. of "The Bible for Home Reading" come to us from over the water, the best home help to appreciate the Bible I know of coming from a lucid Jew of London. Chicago has its Professor Gilbert, who is now among the theological suspects on account of progressive books on New Testament subjects issued this year. Professors Sanders and Kent, orthodox men, one in "Yale," the other in "Brown," have begun a series of little Bible books entitled "The Messages of the Bible," which emphasize the transition that is now going on in the orthodox world. Professor Sayce's book on "Babylonians and Assyrians," Professor Jackson's work on "Zoroaster" and Karl Budde's "Religion of Israel to the Exile" are three books that show what thinkers are doing for us at Oxford, England; Columbia University, New York, and Strasburg in Germany. And lastly but by no means least in the religious world is the first volume of the "Encyclopaedia Biblica" (three others to come), which gives us a Bible dictionary that contains the latest information and is written in the

MODERN PROBLEMS.

But none of these lists lead us into the deeper places of human life in the year that is gone. There is a rich list of books that show how many men have set themselves to the awful but sublime problems of peace, of equity, of a just division of the bounties of the world and a practical recognition of the brotherhood of man. If you want to know what the best thinking of the year has been devoted to and whither the noblest leadings of the year are tending, read David Starr Jordan's "Imperial Democracy," Benjamin F. Trueblood's Federation of the World," George Herron's "Between Caesar and Jesus," John Fiske's "Through Nature to God," N. P. Gilman's "A Dividend of Labor," Frederick May Holland's "Liberty in the Nineteenth Century," Professor Veblin's "Theory of the Leisure Class," one of our Chicago professors; "Thoughts on the Present Condition of Protestantism," by Adolph Harnack; "Grenville R. Pike's "Divine Drama," Alexander Balman Bruce's "The Modern Order of the World," Edward Howard Griggs' "The New Humanism," W. R. Sullivan's "Morality as a Religion," Albert A. Hoskin's "The City Problem," William George Jordan's "The Kingship of Self Control," William C. Gannett's "On Making One's Self Beautiful," John Chadwick's "Choir Invisible," then you will realize how profound is the undertow of this year, away from war, away from mere money making, away from partisan politics and sectarian religion, away from those physical expansions that would override the geographical boundaries God has given to men and nations, towards that spiritual expansion that recognizes that the boundaries of love reach out beyond brown and black men, ignoring the artificial and oftentimes cruel and silly distinctions between civilized and barbarian, Christian and heathen. The upper currents of the year have swept us through agitations of Anglo-Saxon dominations, Philippine possessions and Transvaal invasions, but the undertow of the year has pulled us back from the guns we glory in, away from the warships we build and the army whose prowess we honor, but whose conquests we deplore, aye, the boundaries of this fellowship reach out beyond the lowest man and take a hold of "Loveliness," the dog in Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' story, and "Bruno," the other dog, which Byrd Spilman Dewey offers as a candidate for immortality, and that life of bird and beast so charmingly set forth in the "Wild Life at Home," by the Kerton Brothers of England.

My time is at an end. I cannot even attempt an estimate of the life of the year gone; certain it is that its surface manifestations have been sad and dreary enough. The hot commercialism of our day

and age is receiving a wild baptism of blood. It is the wind of greed reaping its whirlwind of violence and death. About three thousand American lives have been sacrificed in the far off islands of the sea. They pulled down perhaps twice that number of human beings, who, in the innocence of their native pride, thought they were at home and had a right to their homes; nine thousand lives; a government deficit of fifty million dollars, forty-five millions of which are for army expenses; two hundred thousand dollars deficiency in the fund appropriated for the grim purpose of bringing home the American dead; three million deficiency in the navy. The year leaves us a standing army and navy of two hundred thousand souls, against the twenty-five thousand of two years ago. The present daily expense of this army runs well up towards a million. It has been estimated as high as one million, two hundred thousand dollars a day.

The same dark cloud hangs over the boasted Anglo-Saxon of Europe. England's best blood is flowing far away from home, far outside of the holy boundaries of its schools, its cathedrals and its culture. No wonder that poetry is paralyzed, that the year tallies no signal scientific triumph or economic discovery.

HOPEFUL SIGNS.

Over and above all this terrible exhibit I place the release of Dreyfus, who is on his way to his ultimate vindication and the great splendid white fact of the Congress at The Hague. Already the quiet beauty of that gathering is overlaid, but the seed it planted is germinating and in due time the tender shoot will become a great tree overshadowing the nations of the world, purifying the air poisoned by the dead of the battle fields of the world. The armies of the Philippines have conquered or soon will conquer the simple islanders in spite of their bravery. The British ironsides and the multitude of British soldiery may override the Transvaal, but the armies of the United States are to be defeated by the principles upon which the United States have rested; the signers of the Declaration of Independence will rise out of their graves and drive the battalions of the United States back to their plows, back to their faith in principles as being stronger than powder, back to the battle that is to be waged in the school house, the field and the shop. The English army is to be beaten not by the Boers but by that superior power of English thought and the magnanimity of English poetry and science. They may send their General Roberts to the front, but so long as they leave behind them the poetry of Tennyson and Browning, the science of Darwin and Huxley, the philosophy of Herbert Spencer and Martineau, they leave that which will be the fire in the rear, defeating the England of the gun by the England of the pen. The England of Warren Hastings and "Bobs" Roberts is to be conquered by the England of Browning, Herbert, Spencer and George Eliot.

The papers have had their humor over the question as to when the century ends. Let them fix their astronomy and their mathematics as they please, I am glad to let the Eighteen "Hundreds" go that we may lose no time in beginning to write the fairer record of the Nineteen "Hundreds," which must be a record of greater peace between nations, greater integrity in the civic administration of the state, more co-operation, less monopoly in the commercial world, more freedom in thought, more love in religion, more consecration to ideals and more energy, money and enthusiasm bestowed upon those institutions that represent the internal life of the individual, the eternal life of humanity, the spirit of the infinite God incarnated in human organizations, the church of God on earth, the kingdom of God among men.

The Sunday School.

A Course of Study in the Non-Biblical Jewish Writings.

NOTES FROM THE MOTHERS' NORMAL CLASS OF ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO.

Prepared by E. H. W.

IX.

ADDITIONS TO THE BOOK OF ESTHER.

MEMORY TEXT:

Give me boldness O King of the gods and holder of all dominion.—xiv:12.

The original book of Esther belongs very late in the Persian period and the additions were written perhaps not more than fifty or a hundred years later. The names "Ahasuerus" and "Artaxerxes" are equivalents, Ahasuerus being the Hebrew word and Artaxerxes the Greek. I believe there is no "Ahasuerus" in what the older scholars call "profane history."

This book is an interesting one because, when properly understood, it goes far to remove many anxieties and theological difficulties about the Bible. Questions of interpretation, appreciation and skill in its use will continue to arise, as they still arise concerning Shakespeare or Plato, and they are coming gradually to be settled by the same rational methods. Plato holds an unquestioned place in the esteem and respect of master minds, and now and then there comes a Jowett, with ability, appreciation and learning sufficient to take hold of Plato and give him fresh interpretation. No one goes into moral hysterics or starts a spiritual panic because Jowett differs from the interpretation of his predecessor or because he has discovered a new thought in Plato. So it must yet be with the Bible.

Last year we studied the canonical book of Esther and had our little fling at it because it does not contain the name of God. It stands out in that way in the Sunday-school child's review. "What book in the Bible does not mention the name of God?" The answer is, "The book of Esther."

This book represents an episode more or less historic in the life of the Jews in Babylon. It relates that, through the intervention of a gracious Jewess at the king's court, a malicious prime minister, or vice-king, as he called himself, bent on destroying the Jews, was circumvented, and got himself hanged instead of hanging Mordecai. The noble Jewish chamberlain and the Jews were suddenly changed from a persecuted to an honored people through the influence of this queen at the court of Ahasuerus, or Artaxerxes, or whoever he may have been. Now one of the Jewish festivals was the festival of Purim, which means the festival of lots, and is still celebrated by the Jews every spring. It is still a bit of an open question whether the book was written to explain the feast or the feast grew out of the book, but presumably the latter was the case. In any case the Feast of Lights was a very beautiful festival. Its significance was natural and universal. It meant the purification of the temple by the restoration of the higher and nobler standards, and was illustrated by the light of the candle in the home and the church. Light, like water, is always a beautiful symbol with nothing of grossness about it. But the festival of Purim in time grew hilarious and boisterous. Even at the service in the synagogue, when this book of Esther was read the people were permitted to respond at the mention of the name of Haman with all the indignation they felt. They were allowed to "hang him," "damn him," or anything they pleased. And when the names of Mordecai and Esther were men-

tioned, they often broke out into violent applause and blessings. Sometimes it grew so hilarious that one could not tell whether they were saying "damn Haman" or "hang Mordecai;" then the civic authorities were obliged to step in. This festival was perhaps identical in its sociological aspects with the Christian carnival, the rejoicing after Lent which crowds the suppressed merriment of forty days into one jubilant week.

This period was the time when the Jew and his literature were undergoing the severe test of pagan invasion. Then it was that the Greek culture and Greek literature which obtained in Alexandria were brought into sharp contrast and antagonism with the Jewish standards. Then it began to seem a pity that the book of Esther, which was included in their sacred literature and formed the basis of one of their festivals, should fall under the suspicion of being a Godless book, lacking in piety. And so they interpolated some piety and put God into the book. They gave Mordecai a long and dignified prayer and put into the mouth of Esther a vehement supplication, a devout appeal to her God, apologizing for the fact that she was in a foreign court, telling the Lord that she hated the place, disclaiming any joy in its grandeur, declaring that she despised her diamonds and wore them only in public when she was required to do so. They are both good prayers—strong and well expressed.

The first eleven verses of the Apocrypha, giving the dream which sustained Mordecai in his trial, belong at the end of the original text. Then comes the story of the conspiracy of the two eunuchs and the royal decree ordering the execution of the Jews. Next follows the prayer of Esther, Esther's petition to the king, and, finally, the edict in favor of the Jews. These fragments were thrown out of the text partially because, while the original book was written in Hebrew or Aramaic, these additions are found only in the Greek, chiefly in the Septuagint. They were simply interpolations, by editors who wanted to make the text pious and add a spiritual element which was obviously wanting.

It is easy reading if one knows how to fit it into the original book. It is interesting to trace how the text grew in the Talmudic comments and the Midrash.

The best history for the use of the children is the narrative of the banquet and the downfall connected therewith, for it contains a lesson which is profoundly ethical and valuable even in our own day. How much mischief is still wrought over the banquet! Much that is bad in politics is perpetrated around the board. I am sure there is a great deal of corruption perpetrated at the banquet table. This old story still carries a useful significance.

Good-Night.

Close now thine eyes upon earth's fading light,
Thy bark shall guided be through darkest night,
For at the helm stands One in raiment white.
Good night! Good night! Good night!

Sleep thou secure; 'tis but a little while
Till thou shalt ope thine eyes to see them smile,
The loved and lost, now free from stain and guile.
Good night! Good night! Good night!

E'en as the portals of the glowing west
Swing wide to take the Day to peaceful rest,
So Death takes thee to some beloved breast.
Good night! Good night! Good night!

Then past the harbor bar sail, sail thou on,
Thy soul at peace, all fear of dying gone!
The night is past. Behold! A fairer dawn.
Good night! Good night! Good night!

HELEN HAWTHORNE.

The Study Table.

Doctor Caird.*

These delightful volumes contain Dr. Caird's Gifford Lectures. The portrait and the memoir make them a memorial of the man. Even without these helps the reader would know the presence of a rich and noble personality. The mere linguistic expression confers on these lectures a high literary rank. The exquisite candor and sweet reasonableness of the argument is paralleled by a beautiful and effective style which makes comprehension easy and pleasurable. It is a style supple and fluent, clear and limped, strong and rhythmic and sonorous. It wins the ear by harmony and the heart by emotional suggestion. It gratifies intelligence by its complete expressiveness of diction and the sense of art by its imaginative illustration and its adaptability to the aim of rational persuasion. It is the style of a man who had learned to appeal strongly and intimately to human nature. Here, too, the style is the man. His philosophy was addressed to hearers who were preparing for the life of pastoral ministration, and it had been elaborated and tested in a parochial life in "the world of realities, the world of headaches and heartaches, of coarse, uncongenial contacts and intercourses." His philosophy was born of life itself. It interprets the cravings and problems of the human spirit wrestling in the toils of sensuous experience, wistful with longings for unrealized good, thrilled and gladdened by reason's calm and confident possession of that which without the reason's certitude were only the illusory projection of human hopes upon the screen of the unknown. Principal Caird's aim was to make faith intelligent and intelligible. The religious faith in the Fatherhood of God could be developed into a philosophical expression completely rational to his inquisitive mind. Many of us are deeply and gladly in debt to Caird for aid in conquering an intellectual uncertainty which if left unrelieved, acts to paralyze ideals. This splendid rationalism of Caird is not, however, a mere apologetic effort, a provision of mental crutches for the traditional dogmas of the institution of the church. It found a rational verity in the doctrine and gave that verity its purest and widest expression. The elucidation expanded the thought of the formula until the formula seemed only a suggestion of the broader truth. Mr. Gannett has spoken of some of the church dogmas as kindergarten versions of universal truths. Principal Caird's exposition seems to outgrow the formula, but he was unconscious of the great transformation which he made of the creed. His reason selected the vital interior element of the creed and neglected the rest. The data to be elaborated were indeed found in the creed, but it is only occasionally that we are conscious of this as the starting point rather than a religious ethical experience.

The Christian idea of God, the relation of God and the world, the problem of evil, incarnation, atonement, and the future life,—these are the topics of the lectures. Those who have lived under the persuasions of naturalism will not find a complete discussion of their problems and the result for them would be a synthesis with many gaps. Granting that reality must be interpreted by means of the human spirit, there remains a feeling that the human spirit and thus reality itself are too simply conceived. The world is concerned too exclusively by the principle of conscious intellection and too little by the analogy of the purposive will.

*The Fundamental Ideas of Christianity. By John Caird, D. D., LL. D., with a memoir of Edward Caird, D. C. L., LL. D., Master of Balliol. Two volumes, cxii, 232, 297. Glasgow, James MacLehose and Sons, 1899.

Our greeting to the book is a eulogy without surrender to its forms of thought. Against what he calls strongly a deistic or Unitarian view, Dr. Caird sustains a Trinitarian conception of God. He protests against an idea of a blank, abstract self-identity. A spiritual personality involves a differentration of subject and object. The world, temporal as it is, cannot furnish the eternal object of divine knowledge and love. An eternal consciousness thus implies a severity in the divine personality. Two persons would suffice—but the creed has three. Religious experience, even as here depicted does not require this speculation, and a speculation which from the unity in the human arrives at a trinity in the divine would seem to overleap itself. The real truth of the doctrine of Incarnation we find is only the completer experience in Jesus than in other men of the union of the divine and human spirit. This union, too, for Caird, as for the early heretic Paul of Samosata, is expressed not in physical categories, but in terms of love, knowledge, will. Only by an artifice of thought, limited to two sentences, is this brought into line with the church doctrine of the Incarnation. The union of God and humanity in Jesus is there said to contain an element not manifested in the spiritual experience of other men—the element namely of the pretemporal second person in God. The consistency of this rational system does not require this passing suggestion—it is the creed. We have then no real doctrine of Incarnation, but only the truth of a general religious experience which kindles itself from one supreme instance of that experience. The institution must allow a freer criticism and must court a stricter loyalty to experience before it wins a complete rational philosophy, and the growth of a general science of world-wide religion with a cautious metaphysics that knows when the outer limits of man's grasp are reached will contribute eventually a system of more enduring structure. May it be the work of men as pure and rich and noble and lovely as Principal Caird. FRANCIS A. CHRISTIE.

CIVIL SERVICE.

The Fifteenth Report of the United States Civil-Service Commission (July 1, 1897, to June 30, 1898) is more than a report of the commission's share in the operation of the Civil-Service act and rules. Much of it is of historical interest and provides knowledge for the discussion of serious present problems of our national life. There is, for example, a review of the practice of the Presidents in appointments and removals in the executive civil-service from 1789 to 1883, a report on the growth of this reform in States and cities, and an elaborate examination of Great Britain and Holland. It is instructive to learn that the introduction of the spoils system under Jackson was due to Van Buren, the Secretary of State, and that this was only an extension to national life of the methods of the Albany regency, the precursor of Tammany Hall. Who then devised the machine and its methods in New York? The answer reveals a classification for the bosses of today: the author of the machine was Aaron Burr. The historical survey shows the Presidents groaning under the evils thus entailed and struggling helplessly against them until legislation and the establishment of the commission came to their relief. The civil-service act was an effort "to restore the earlier and purer practice and to return to the principles intended to be followed by the founders of the Government." The present executive thus stands in the deplorable light of turning from the principles of Washington to the policy of Aaron Burr.

Nothing in the report is more opportune than the account of the British protectorate which has made out of warring Malay tribes a prosperous nation. Those who scent treason in any opposition to the claim of sovereignty over the Philippines and the determination to enforce it by bloodshed will find that the English have set a totally different example in the native states of the Malay peninsula. The English intervention in 1874 was at the request of Malay chiefs and rulers. Sir Andrew Clarke "offered them advisers who would restore order from chaos without curtailing their sovereignty. They were willing to listen to reason, as the vast majority of persons whether wearing silk hats or turbans, usually are." The brilliant success of the Malay protectorate has been due to a sympathetic administration which "sought to lead upward a free people instead of forcibly driving a subject race." Sir Andrew Clarke, this creator of a new and happy nation, counsels our Government to choose a protectorate over the Philippines rather than their subjugation and finds the indispensable condition of a successful protectorate in the rigid exclusion of party patronage from the service. F. A. C.

Northland Lyrics.*

The paternal house of Roberts, of New Brunswick, seems to be a nest of singing birds. Such a company of poets can hardly be gathered elsewhere under a single roof-tree. Is this a sign that hereafter, instead of single, abnormal individuals, life is to develop poetic groups, increasing in number till the masses be included? And such delightful poetry, poetry of nature, poetry of life, simple melodies, deeper dramatics notes, the poetry of youth, poetry of the strenuous life, confessions and secrecies, laments and slumber songs. A few stanzas from a poem written in memory of Archibald Lampham will give a taste of their quality:

"His was not the glory of the thundering of wars;
His was not a nation's voice!—are his a nation's tears?
To him the night-winds whispered all the secrets of the stars,
He was priest of all the joyous springs and of the dying years.
So doff your hats, good gentlemen,
For hearts were made to bleed again.
With Archie gone, and all his rhyme,
Who'll tell the world 't is April-time?"

Or better still perhaps a simple melody: Beyond the Hills.

"The daffodils fling far the flag of Spring,
Their golden troop the garden-fortress fills,
And bird-throat bugles greet the days that bring the
The daffodils.

Over the hills the Summer comes at last;
But sad the light and sad the laughing rills,
And sad the golden flowers—since he has passed
Beyond the hills."

O. L. T.

In Thomas Y. Crowell and Company's "What is Worth While Series," appears an attractive discussion of Christian ethical principles by Professor John Franklin Genung of Amherst College. The purport is well given by the title: The Passing of Self. The first chapter grapples with the hard sayings of the Sermon on the Mount and expounds the principle from which they spring, a principle of disinterested good will which is beyond all those calculations of exchange and returning benefit which lurk in the average conception of the Golden Rule. The second chapter studies the sphere of this self-denial. This little book is a help in the achievement of the good life.

* "Northland Lyrics," by William Carman Roberts, Theodore Roberts, and Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald: Selected and arranged with a prologue by Charles G. D. Roberts and an epilogue by Bliss Carman. Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

MON.—Sympathy is two hearts tugging at one load.
TUES.—We cannot exact truths, however we may be able sometimes to discover them.
WED.—The heart has eyes that the brain knows nothing of.
THURS.—Sin spoils the spirit's delicacy.
FRI.—Shiftlessness is mostly only another name for aimlessness.
SAT.—Purpose is what gives life a meaning.
SUN.—It is better to live on the short arc of a large circle, than to describe the whole circumference of a small circle.

CHARLES H. PARKHURST.

Sunshine and Shadow.

A ray of golden sunlight fell
From out the heavens blue,
And then beneath a leafy tree
Appeared a shadow, too.
The sunbeam pierced the darkness, and
It bade the gloom depart,
And whispered words of life and love
To nature's throbbing heart.
The other one a mission had,—
To make the whole world bright;
For, though 'twas but a shadow dark,
Its gloom enhanced the light.
In life we have the darkness, and,
Too, the radiant glow.
The sunbeam is a pleasure, and
The shadow is a woe.
And yet, were there no sorrows, all
Our joys would seem less sweet.
A shadow, true, is needed, if
Life's sunshine is replete.

—*Every Other Sunday.*

A Returned Traveler.

Captain John Codman is a gentleman widely known and respected in Boston, New York, and elsewhere. Here is what he says in the New York Times of May 9th:

"Many years ago I was the second mate on the ship Carolina of Boston, commanded by Capt. Stephen Lemist. He had on board a fine black shaggy Newfoundland dog called Neptune. "Nep" was the pet of all hands as well as of his master. He had the full liberty of the quarter-deck, and sometimes availed himself of it by carelessly walking about on the taff-rail. We were bound to New Orleans, and were being towed up the Mississippi in company with four other vessels. "Nep" was walking on the rail as was his occasional custom, when he unfortunately lost his balance and fell overboard. It was impossible to stop without disarranging the tow, which the captain of the tug would not consent to do. So Captain Lemist and the grief-stricken crew were constrained to leave the dog to his fate. For awhile he swam after the fleet, but finding that he could not keep up with us, he struck out for the western shore of the river, seeing that he was nearest to that side. The only satisfaction that we had was that his life was in no danger, for we were sure that he would reach the land. As for ourselves, we mourned that we had forever parted company with our dear shipmate, and the captain, as I can see him now, laid his head upon the binnacle and sobbed like a child. We were about fifty miles below New Orleans at the time of the accident, and in a few hours were berthed at the levee, where we remained for three days discharging our cargo. A freight of cotton and tobacco for London was engaged and we were towed up to Lafayette, some three or four miles above, to take it in, and were berthed the third outside in a tier of vessels, the cargo being carried on planks over the decks of the others. One morning after we had been there two days, as we were busily engaged at our work, to our utter astonishment "Nep" walked on board!

It is almost needless to say that our joy equalled his own. Wagging his organ of recognition, as a dog's tail has so aptly been termed, and crying in a dog's language of delight, he jumped upon every one of his old friends, entirely ignoring the stevedores, whom he did not know, and then rushed down the companionway in search of the captain, who did not happen to be on board. Then he came on deck dejected and woe-begone, taking no further interest in any of us beyond casting about his inquiring looks. I expect to be believed, for I am telling the truth, when I say that the big tears stood in his eyes. The captain had gone ashore to his consignee's office in the city, as the chief mate knew. "Come, Nep," said he, "come along." Nep understood him readily enough as he jumped on the stage over the other vessels' decks, and followed him down to the office, where he was clasped in his fond master's arms. There is not a particle of fiction in this pathetic story. How Neptune found his ship was beyond our ken; we merely guessed that he had traveled fifty miles up the river till he came to the ferry, crossed over to New Orleans and then found his way up to Lafayette, walked over two tiers of ships and reached his old home again.

How did he find it? He yearned to tell us, for he knew that it was in our minds to ask him. But, alas, he could not speak.

A Trusty Prisoner.

When Bunyan was in prison at Bedford some of his jailers were cruel men; but one of them appreciated his character and allowed him much freedom. On one occasion a messenger was sent from London to Bedford to ascertain the truth of the rumors which were abroad as to the liberty granted him, and the officer was instructed to call at the prison during the night. Bunyan had received permission to stay at home that night, but so uneasy did he feel that he told his wife he must go back to his old quarters. So late was it that the jailer blamed him for coming at such an untimely hour; but a little after the messenger arrived. "Are all the prisoners safe?" "Yes." "Is John Bunyan safe?" "Yes." "Let me see him." Bunyan was called, and the messenger went his way. When he was gone the jailer told Bunyan, "Well, you may go out again just when you think proper, for you know when to return better than I can tell you."—*Selected.*

Parents often counsel their children against certain things, and do them themselves, in the foolish hope that the children will believe their ears in preference to their eyes. Years of careful teaching of a child to be honest and truthful may be nullified in an instant by a parent's lying to a conductor about a child's age to save a nickel.—*William George Jordan.*

The Youngest Son.

(A Reflection by One of His Brothers.)

Now, when it comes to gettin' what other folks can't get,
An' when it comes to doin' what other folks ain't let,
An' takin' turns the longest, by rubbin' of your eyes,
An' scoopin' all the pennies an' all the saucer pies,
An' seein' some one bigger get licked for what you've did—
A feller can't help wishin' he was the littlest kid.

But when you think of taggin', an' findin' folks has run,
An' bein' told it's bedtime, no matter what's the fun,
An' takin' mumps an' measles, an' wearin' girl's clothes,
An' never goin' nowhere excep' when mother goes,
An learnin' all the lessons of what us boys is rid—
Then's when a chap's as willin' he ain't the littlest kid!

—*Catherine Young Glen, in October St. Nicholas.*

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The Field.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

ENGLAND.—The Inquirer calls attention to the fact that the Rev. J. T. Sunderland, though a citizen of America, is an Englishman by birth. The pastorate which he has accepted is "of the Highgate Unitarian Christian Church of London." Mr. Sunderland is now on the sea on the way to his new field. * * * The cosmopolitan character of the Manchester College, the Unitarian theological school in connection with the Oxford University, is shown by the fact that at the present time its open doors have given shelter to "a Scotchman, several Welshmen, two Indians (men of serious study), three Americans, the third being a young lady, who has left her pulpit at Pepperell, Mass., for a year's work; besides several American professors who are lodging at Addis Hall, and taking special lectures."

CHICAGO.—The year closed merrily at All Souls Church. Last Sunday morning the Pastor gave his annual review sermon which is published elsewhere. In the evening Mrs. Percy Widdrington gave her lecture on "The Moral Issues of the Transvaal Question" to a goodly audience. It was a sun clear statement of the causes that led to the lamentable war in Africa. She showed how the English had put themselves clearly in the wrong, that the war was one more manifestation of commercial arrogance and money power. The lecture carried conviction until at the close, when admitting all the false premises, deploring the inauguration of the war, the lecturer undertook to justify the hope that England would win out "because thereby the higher civilization would be vindicated." Many in the audience shared with Miss Addams the misgiving that such a victory, based on a wrong instead of making for English civilization would be another triumph of militarism and another vindication of brute force versus justice and the ethical demand.——On Monday evening the usual open house was kept by the ladies of All Souls Church and a large number of young and old were present to exchange New Year's greetings. Next Sunday night Miss Jane Addams begins a course of six University extension lectures at this Church on "Democracy and Social Ethics." A printed syllabus is prepared and a traveling library will be at the service of the class. The following is the list of topics:

January 7 Contemporary Ethics.
January 14 In Educational Methods.
January 21 In Industrial Relations.
January 28 Family Relationship.
February 4 Individual Attempts at Adjustment.
February 11 Social Attempts at Adjustment.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.—Frederick L. Hosmer has been reviving old friendships by supplying the pulpit of Unity church in this city for the last month. He stays long enough to take part in the installation of the new Pastor, Rev. Minot Osgood Simonds, of Massachusetts, and then he hies himself to the sunny land of California where he will minister to the society at Berkeley for the next six months. Wherever Mr. Hosmer goes and whenever he goes, he leaves friends behind and finds friends waiting. We congratulate the friends at Berkeley and rejoice with the friends at Cleveland who are starting out under the leadership of a pastor elected with hearty unanimity.

PASTORLESS PARISHES.—Alfred Manchester. Secretary of the committee on supply of pulpits for the Unitarians, issues a card in the Christian Register, commending parishes to hear fewer candidates and to give more attention to those whom they do hear. He recommends parishes to hear "two or three men two or more successive Sundays each; then if it should seem best to hear any one or more of them again to do so at once and to take a vote on those men before others are heard." It is pathetic to note the long list of pastorless churches matched with a longer list of churchless pastors and still the difficulty of successful match making grows.

CINCINNATI.—UNITY CHURCH.—Under the head of "The Essential Religion of Enlightened People," Rev. George A. Thayer of the Unitarian church announces these subjects of sermons for January. What kind of a world do we live in? What we owe to God in prayers, creeds, hopes and fears. For what do we live? The destiny of man.

For twenty-one years members of this church have conducted a course of popular educational lectures upon Sunday afternoons in the Grand Opera House, the net proceeds to be given to charities. The following are among the lecturers for this year:

MR. J. DEWITT MILLER, "Twelve Miles from a Lemon." MR. FRANK R. ROBERSON, "Norway," illustrated with exquisite and effective Stereopticon Pictures. MR. FRANCIS WILSON, "Eugene Field as I Knew Him." REV. ANNA SHAW, "The Fate of Republics." DR. A. A. WILLITTS, "The Model Wife." MR. MONTAVILLE FLOWERS, in his latest Monologue—"The Little Minister." MR. S. R. STODDARD, "The Pictured Adirondacks," with about 200 Stereopticon and Flashlight Pictures. MR. F. HOPKINSON SMITH, "Old Plantation Days." MR. JAMES A. GREEN, "A Great Century," an illustrated lecture.

The Homesick Soldier.

The Soldier woke at the quail's first note,
At dawn, on the grassy couch where he lay:
Bird, that calls from the fields of home,
What do my darlings so far away?"
"They are up and ready to roam;
They scatter the dew with their small bare feet,
And laugh as they wade through the meadow sweet."

The soldier paused, on the dusty march,
And stooped by the cooling stream to drink:
"O river, that runs through the field of home,
What do my dear ones, who dwell on thy brink?"
"Farther and farther they roam—
They are sending their mimic fleets adrift;
And they follow them borne on my current swift."

The soldier sank on the twilight sward,
And the vigilant lights were thronging above;
"O stars that shine on the fields of home
What do they now, whom most I love?"
"They have ceased to roam, to roam,—
And are lisping a prayer at their mother's knee;
And that prayer, and her tears, are for thee, for thee!"

—*Edith H. Thomas.*

The Man With the Gun.

"I am the man with the gun,
And I straddle the man with the hoe,
Though the sun beats hot or the chill winds blow,
Though his back be bent and his garments be rent,
Though his back be bent and his breath be spent,
From earliest morn till the sun goes low,
Through the long, long night till the day god's glow
I ride him a race at a death-dealing pace,
O, I ride him a race to his last resting place,
And I care not for friend and I care not for foe,
So long as I straddle the man with the hoe—
For I am the man with the gun."

—*Justice.*

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They bring comfort and strength to the hearts of the weary and discouraged.—*San Diego Union.*

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Worn and weary women, facing the daily routine of unescapable duties, will find here consolation and fresh motives to go on.—*Helen Campbell.*

They accept large scientific views of life, its origin and fulfillment.—*The American Hebrew.*

Eminently practical for life duties.—*Boston Transcript.*

Eight discourses, neither dusty nor dry. They have passed into other languages and have been widely copied in publications of various sects and no sect.—*World-Herald, Omaha.*

The magician's wand is put in our hands and if we will but consent to use it we will see everything about us in that light that seemed so dark a little while ago, gems and treasures inestimable which only wait to be ours by our use of them.—*The Countess of Aberdeen in Preface to the Glasgow Edition.*

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These papers teach religion from an observation of country scenery, doing so in a manner always interesting and often eloquent.—SCOTSMAN, *Edinburgh.*

They are full of nature, of humanity and of the best kind of religion, charged with that vitality, humor, poetry and inspired good sense which mark all of Mr. Jones' splendid work.—THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

We are conscious as we read that we are in the presence of a genuine lover of the simplicities of life and are grateful for what he has imparted to us of his own delight in beautiful things.—MANCHESTER GUARDIAN, *England.*

The author is not what would be called by many "an orthodox" person, but he has an immense love of animals as well as of human nature, and in pleasant language gives us much to think about.—CHURCH TIMES, *London.*

This author is not concerned with saving. He believes that the "primal mission of religion is to bring a realizing sense of the world." His book is full of nature and catches not a little of its beauty. It only wants power.—EXPOSITORY TIMES, *London.*

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